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When Summer Comes,

When summer comes, there comes a shadow upon the world of trees and leaves; The birds a solemn silence keep, And the sun's bright beams are dimmed, And with them fades each lingering rose.

When summer goes, there comes a shadow upon the world of trees and leaves; Of springing life and dreams and fears, Life's strength remains.

When summer goes, there comes a shadow upon the world of trees and leaves; For tree, deeper, longer reigns.

Then comes the time to sing, And by day Faeth stronger grows.

When summer goes,

Miscellaneous.

On account of the manner in which she was stoned at and "made a Junie of," the Empress of Austria will not go to the sun-bathing in England again.

Henry M. Stanley has become thoroughly acclimated in Africa now, and enjoys excellent health there. He is bronzed by the sun until he looks like an East Indian.

Preston Hayes' model for the bust of Garfield, for Ohio's memorial niche in the old Hall of Representatives Washington, has been finished and placed on exhibition at Columbus Ohio.

The daughter of ex-President Hayes' is a school-mate of Miss Molly Garfield at Cleveland. Rutherford Hayes, Jr., has a position in the law at Fremont of which his father is a director.

Immediately after the recent election in Pennsylvania, Mr. Pattison, the successful candidate for Governor, hastened to visit his aged mother in Alexandria, Va., to receive her congratulations.

Dr. McFarlane Greely has begun making improvements on the Greeley swamp at Chappaqua, and has given a plot of ground to the Episcopal Society of that village, on which to erect a chapel.

Brownell Booth, son of the generalissimo of the Salvation Army, was married a few days ago at Clinton, England, to a young woman. The ceremony was performed in the presence of seven thousand persons, admitted at a shilling a head.

Ex-Senator D. R. Atchison, of Missouri, for many years a member of the House of Representatives, died at his home from a heart attack. Santa Maria di Canas Verano, Arco Felice wreaths were laid about the movement and a patriotic speech delivered by Signor Crioli.

The grave of Emerent is kept constantly watered by the young girl, Mrs. Victoria Hartshorne, with a stone at the head and foot bearing simply his name, is thickly overgrown with a glossy myrtle. There's an unadorned, save with a thick soil of green grass.

Mr. W. H. of Baltimore, pays \$75,000 a year for a vast tract of deer forests extending from one side of Scotland to the other. Not content with this, he has just leased another estate, and has brought suit against the owner for failing to yield the sheep and crofters who live on it.

Sir Thomas Thomas, the famous English physician, is seriously ill, and not expected to recover. He is now 90 years old. A stroke of paralysis has prostrated him, but left him in possession of his mental faculties. When stricken down, he was remarked as being the last of the legitimate sons of the earth.

Barnie Reiter was employed, when a boy, in a lawyer's office in Frankfort-on-the-Main, and while there he originated the idea of displaying stock messages from London and other large cities by means of manifolding. So far he has received the ideas of establishing the general news agency which has since made him famous.

Staff Commander James Charles Atkinson, the British naval officer, who had died at the age of 100, was recommended the Penguin, and was captured and his vessel destroyed by the American corvette Hornet in 1853. For the past 15 years he had been quite blind, but otherwise had all his faculties unimpaired up to the very moment of his death.

The Rev. George O. Barnes, the "Mountain Evangelist," described as being a Kentuckian, tall, long-haired, raw-boned and very callow, has died at the age of 75. He was quite able, and has an original and positive way of presenting the gospel. He has the vernacular and nonchalance of a genuine Southerner, and fills his addresses with local idioms.

Paul H. Hayne, the Southern poet, is a man of medium size—perhaps five and a half feet tall—with a well proportioned figure, olive complexion, dark penetrating brown eyes, and a full, manly voice. He has a highly polished, forcible, cordial address, and so much natural eloquence in conversation as to remind every one of the fact that he is a nephew of Robert Hayne, Daniel Webster's famous friend.

The Rev. Stanford Brooks tells of a conversation he once had with the late Dean Stanley, who urged him to stay in the Established Church and broaden it. "Will the church in my time or yours ever be broad enough to accommodate Marriages, Divorces, and other such matters?" asked Mr. Brooks. "No, I don't think it will," replied the Dean. "Then," said Mr. Brooks, "I don't think it will ever be broad enough for me."

John E. L. of Massachusetts, although now a man of great wealth, was trained to work, and did work for years in his father's shop as a common journeyman, shaver, maker. The proficiency he thus gained, and a full knowledge of the tools that he alone made all the prints, tools and other tools exhibited by the firm at fairs in this and other countries. His example is being followed by his son, now twenty years old, who daily works at the same trade.

The following anecdote of Mr. Peasey: "Tips are seldom calculated on a proper basis. I remember once coming up in the train from Brighton with the late Mr. Peasey. He had just come from a walk with two friends, and M. May. He argued his case with a skill that many members of the bar might have envied. But as he warmed to his work, his dramatic spirit gained the mastery, and by a vigorous gesticulation, and a hearty laugh, he had the audience in fits of mirth.

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The porter, however, did not

concur in the doctor's opinion that "the man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client." He has just appeared at court to prove that he is not a fool, and has won his cause.

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